

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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## Dean Wotton's Monument.



MANY of our readers have no doubt visited that novel and beautiful exhibition the Diorama, a detailed account of which first appeared in the *Mirror*. The view of Trinity Chapel in Canterbury Cathedral, is the most remarkable and the most complete pictorial illusion we ever witnessed; and we have met with many persons, who while they acknowledged the talent that could present the interior of a stately edifice with its walls, its aisles, its pillars, and its roof, have been completely incredulous as to the steps leading to the Chapel, and the workmen who appear asleep in the foreground. These say our doubting friends are real steps, and although the figures may not be actual living individuals, yet they must be stuffed effigies. In this, however, we can assure every unbeliever that he is mistaken. The whole view is one plain surface, and the illusion is the triumph of art: and in presenting our readers with the most striking object in Trinity Chapel, which has had the honour of being so strikingly dis-

played upon canvass, we shall be rendering an acceptable service.

Trinity Chapel, which is built behind the high altar of St. Anselm's Chapel in the Cathedral, formerly contained the rich and much adored shrine of Thomas à Becket, where pilgrims used to worship, and even kings to kneel. The pillars of the Chapel were built to form a circle round the eastern part of the shrine, and between them all the monuments except one are placed. That of Dean Wotton, who died in 1568, is on the north side of the Chapel at the foot of the monument of Henry IV. The Dean is represented kneeling on his tomb, his hands clasped, and raised in the attitude of prayer; a desk is before him, on which is an open book.

The whole is an excellent piece of sculpture, particularly the head, which is said to have been taken from the life, and executed at Rome during his stay there. The countenance is highly expressive. The Dean appears in his Doctor's robes,

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bare-headed, and with short curly hair and beard.

Dean Wotton was an eminent statesman, and we should suspect a most accomplished courtier, for he continued in office during four reigns, when there were as many changes of religion.

### THE ARMS OF WALES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Observing in the *Mirror* an inquiry respecting the Arms of Wales, I forward the following particulars from the best authorities.

The Ensign of Cadwallader, the last King of the Britains, was a *red Dragon*. Henry the Seventh wore it as the dexter supporter to his arms, he likewise adopted as the Badge of Wales a *dragon passant, wings elevated gu. upon a mount vert*. It is from the device of the red Dragon this Monarch created the Pursuivant of Arms, Range Dragon. Upon the great seal of James the First appeared the banner of the Arms of Cadwallader, viz. *As. a Cross, pattée fitché or*, to show the descent from the Welsh Blood Royal.

J. L. F.

(For the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—A correspondent in your last Number, wishes to know the Arms of Wales. The ancient Armorial Bearings of that Principality, are quarterly Gu and Or, in each quarter a lion passant guardant counterchanged. The following badge also appertains to Wales, (as may be seen in Berry's *Encyclopædia Heraldica*, a voluminous work now in course of publication) viz. upon a mount vert, a dragon passant, wings elevated, Gules.

E. F.

### THE BENEFIT OF CLERGY EXPLAINED.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Benefit of Clergy, is a legal phrase, or technical term, which we often hear, and sometimes repeat, without understanding its precise meaning. The dark cloud of barbarism which succeeded the downfall of the Roman empire having nearly effaced literary pursuits, the attention of the nobility, and the body of the people placed above labour, was wholly absorbed by military exercise and the chase, while the regular and secular clergy, became, for ages, with some exceptions, almost the sole depositaries of books, and the learned languages. As it

is natural to respect what we do not understand, the Monks turned the advantage to good account, and it gradually became a principle of common law, that no clerk, that is to say, no priest, should be tried by the civil power.

This privilege was enjoyed and abused without restriction, till the reign of Henry the Second, when the council, or parliament of Clarendon, or the sense of the nation, were provoked by murder, rape, and other crimes, to set bounds to ecclesiastic licentiousness, by a salutary regulation on this subject, but a law so necessary was evaded by the insolence of Becket, and the base pusillanimity of King John, and his successor.

During a period equally disgraceful to the monarch and the clergy, a provision, artful, because it seemed to wear the face of a remedy, was enacted, by which any person tried for felony and found guilty, was pronounced to be exempt from punishment *si legit ut clericus*, if he was able to read as a priest. From this *finesse* the Monks derived a considerable emolument, by teaching prisoners to read, which, however odious or bloody their crimes,—rescued them from the penalty of the laws, and also answered another important purpose, as by these means, men of the most desperate characters, were thus rendered humble and obedient tools of the church. This lucrative monopoly remained, till it was provided against in the twenty-seventh year of the reign of Edward the Third: but the noxious weed grew up in a shade of ignorance and confusion, during the bloody contests of the houses of Lancaster and York, till it received a considerable check under Edward the Sixth, when it was determined that no person convicted of manslaughter shall claim the benefit of clergy, unless he is a peer of the realm, or a clerk in priest's orders: and, by the ninth of James the First, it was entirely taken away from those delinquents.

Persons at all conversant in legal points, or general reading, will, perhaps, smile at this article on a subject which they consider as generally understood; but I have frequently met with persons, who imagined that the words, without benefit of clergy, implied that a criminal should have no spiritual guide, when no more is meant, than that his being able to read or write, shall not in any manner exempt him from punishment, and that he shall not be entitled to any of those privileges formerly enjoyed by the clergy.

L. S.

OF THE  
ARUNDELIAN MARBLES.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Arundelian marbles, Oxford marbles, or Parian chronicle, are ancient stones (as has been supposed,) whereon is inscribed a chronicle of the city of Athens, engraven in capital letters in the island of Paros, one of the Cyclades, 264 years before Jesus Christ.

They take their first name from Thomas, Earl of Arundel, who procured them out of the east, or from Henry his grandson, who presented them to the University of Oxford. The Arundelian marbles in their perfect state, contain a chronological detail of the principal events of Greece during a period of 1318 years, beginning with Cecrops, B. C. 1582, and ending with the Archonship of Diognetus, B. C. 264: but the chronicle of the last ninety years is lost, the inscription is at present so much corroded and effaced, that the sense can be discovered only by very learned and industrious antiquaries; or, more properly speaking, supplied by their conjectures. This chronicle, and many of the other relics of antiquity, real or pretended, were purchased in Asia Minor, in Greece, or in the islands of the Archipelago, by Mr. William Petty, who in the year 1624, was sent by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, for the purpose of making such collections for him in the east; they were brought into England about the beginning of the year 1627, and placed in the gardens belonging to Arundel house in London. Soon after their arrival they excited a general curiosity, and were viewed by many inquisitive and learned men; among others by Sir Robert Cotton, who prevailed upon Selden to employ his abilities in explaining the Greek inscriptions; the following year Selden published a small volume in 4to., including about thirty-nine inscriptions copied from the marbles. In the turbulent reign of Charles I. and the subsequent usurpation, some of the marbles were defaced and broken, and others stolen or used for the ordinary purposes of architecture; the chronological marble in particular was unfortunately broken and defaced. In 1667, the Hon. Henry Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, the grandson of the first collector, presented these supposed remains of antiquity to the university of Oxford. Selden's work becoming very scarce, Bishop Fell engaged Mr. Prideaux to publish a new edition of the inscriptions, which was printed at Oxford in 1676. In 1733 Mr. Maittaire obliged the public with a more comprehensive view of the marbles

than either of his predecessors; lastly, Dr. Chandler published a new and improved copy of the marbles in 1763, in which he corrected the mistakes of the former editors; and in some of the inscriptions, particularly that of the Parian chronicle, supplied the *lacunæ* by many ingenious conjectures. The Arundelian marbles have generally been regarded as a curious monument of antiquity: they were, however, discovered in some instances to be inconsistent with the most authentic historical accounts; Sir Isaac Newton and several other modern philosophers paid little or no regard to them, and their authenticity has been severely questioned by Mr. Robertson in a dissertation, entitled the *Parian Chronicle*. In this dissertation much ingenuity as well as judgment and a great extent of ancient learning are displayed. His doubts, the author observes, arise from the following considerations. First, "The characters have no certain or unequivocal marks of antiquity." Second, "It is not probable that the chronicle was engraved for private use." Third, "The chronicle does not appear to have been engraved by public authority." Fourth, "The Greek and Roman writers, for a long time after the date of this work, complain that they had no chronological account of the affairs of ancient Greece." Fifth, "The chronicle is not once mentioned by any writer of antiquity." Sixth, "Some of the facts mentioned in the chronicle seem to have been taken from writers of later date." Seventh, "Anachronisms appears in some of the epochs, which we scarcely suppose a chronologer of the 129th Olympiad would be liable to commit." Eighth, "The history of the discovery of the Parian chronicle is obscure and unsatisfactory." Ninth, "The literary world has been frequently imposed upon by spurious books and inscriptions; and, therefore, we should be extremely cautious with regard to what we receive under the venerable name of antiquity." These several articles have been replied to by Mr. Hewlett, in his *Vindication of the Parian Chronicle*, but the objections are of a nature very difficult to be removed. The marbles are now fixed in the school in Oxford. S—

## VALENTINES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—According to a former statement of your *Mirror* it appears, that the number of Valentines sent to the receiving houses within the district of the *two-penny post* in 1821, exceeded 200,000,

the amount of which is £1,006 13s. 4d.; which we may call the *Citizens'* Anniversary tribute, in aid of Government. But as a considerable number, perhaps a fourth of these equivocal, anonymous, or sometimes quixotical overtures are charged *three-pence*, an increase of £206 6s. 8d., or one eighth more is produced—making £1,875 sterling. To which, if the very lowest estimate of £468 15s. for duty on paper be added, the whole emolument flowing into the treasury for one day's Folly in London only, will amount to £2,343 15s.!! All of which is collected with a few pounds additional expense to Government, for extra letter carriers. With respect to country Valentines, the circumstances differ too much to say any thing of *certainly* about it, seeing the postage would vary with the distance: and while some were charged as *single*, others from the manner of *folding*, would be accounted *double*, or even *triple*. Therefore, waving *niceties*, the number would be, probably, in proportion to the *population*, and the sway of the Blind Divinity is *universally* acknowledged to bear. Then according to a late Census, the population of England, Wales, and Scotland, to say nothing of that hot bed of the amatory passion (Ireland) amounted to 12,562,144, out of which 864,845 were assigned to London, being between a fourteenth and fifteenth part of the whole twelve millions and a half. Therefore, without stickling about excess of postage, or double and triple letters, if the whole supposed number be averaged according to the London rate, that is £2,343 15s. multiplied by thirteen and a half, the last product will be found to amount to the enormous total of £33,640 12s. 6d.!!! as Folly's free-will offering in one day every year to support the State. The expression in one of Dibdin's songs, that

"Puppies now prop up the Nation!"

wants but the alteration of *one word* to make it suit the present case, for our *follics*, are really *valuable considerations* to the Receiver General: and none but a cynic would be angry if the *whole National Debt* should be paid off by means equally innocent. T. S.

### THE HUSBAND,

*From the Greek.*

*Faithful* as dog, the lonely shepherd's pride,  
*True* as the helm, the bark's protecting guide,  
*Firm* as the shaft that props the towering dome,  
*Sweet* as the shipwreck'd seamen's land, and home,  
*Lovely* as child, a parent's sole delight,  
*Radiant* as morn that breaks a stormy night,

*Grateful* as streams, that in some deep recess,  
With rills unhop'd the pausing traveller bless,  
Is he, that links with me his chain of life,  
Names himself lord, and deigns to call me *WIFE*.

### THE WIFE.

(In Imitation of the above.)

*Beautiful* as young day, when the sweet season's waking,  
*Joyous* as the bird of song when the gay morn is breaking,  
*Mild* as Zephyr's softest sigh, on Flora's bosom breathing,  
*Chaste* as that fair queen, who found the art of endless wreathing,  
*Constant* as Apollo's flow'r, which blooms but in his beaming,  
*Fond* as the moon of that bright star, upon her path-way gleaming,  
*Graceful* as the slightest reed upon the green bank waving,  
*Courteous* as the rippling stream, which that green bank is laving,  
Yet great in soul, and high in mind, the charm, the bliss, of life,  
Is she, the gentlest of her kind, I proudly call  
My *WIFE*.

J. W., Jun.

### ON THE INFLUENCE OF SOCIETY.

(For the Mirror.)

It is hardly possible to view the connection of society with our comfort, without hailing it as a blessing almost indispensable to our existence.

You will not expect that in mustering my ideas upon any subject, I should reinforce them with the sanction of the musty ancients, or the trite moderns; or that I should embellish my sentiments with cramp quotations from languages to which the softer sex have no pretensions; for that matter, I am quite satisfied with simply expressing them upon any given subject, and shall be much prouder of their meeting the pre-conceived ideas of my readers, than, if they were upheld by a host of *literati*; with whose opinions the idea of corroboration would despoil me of all pretension whatever to originality. So vast a range of thought and sentiment is accessible in the present day to almost every class in society, by the universal diffusion of the press, that it is scarcely reasonable to expect novel sparks of genius—they may perhaps present themselves in a somewhat varied form, but the basis is in most cases easily traced and defined; new ideas are so scarce, that they should deservedly immortalize the projectors. I speak not for myself, for I cannot hope to raise the slightest pretensions—but they occasionally present themselves, although like angel visits "few and far between."

Being naturally of a lively temperament, I confess myself much delighted

in mingling with the busy world, and participating (moderately mind you) in its multifarious attractions; not that I dislike occasionally to indulge a little in the sombre mood, but I consult my glass too often not to know, that the hue of the rose is as important as that of the lily in the estimation of the sweet somebodies, whose good opinion I would not forfeit for worlds—at least just at present; I knew not how far my wilfulness may extend by and bye: I am not in the least ambitious to appear

'Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought'—not I, time enough for that when care with his furrowed cheeks raps at my door in good earnest—my desire is, to keep him at arms length as long as possible—and if he needs will assail me, to be well prepared for the encounter.

But I was about to gossip a little about the sweets of society—*retournons a notre sujet*—I confess I am not much given to reflection; but I do now and then indulge a little, and cannot say it has ever operated prejudicially on my happiness, for although it may have occasionally engendered a little dissatisfaction with self, this has been more than counterbalanced by the whispering counsels of conscience, my infallible arbitress in points of a questionable character. In verity I believe there is a season for all things, but I do love to study human nature beyond all other occupations whatever; for it alone conveys practical instruction, being just of that specific character which we most need to curb and facilitate our intercourse with each other. Learning cuts but a sorry figure without this qualification; it is theory without practice, and we should be the tamest creatures imaginable had we no other medium than books, to become familiarized to each other. No, no, this would never do; I have a thousand times commiserated the awkward, well-intentioned gaiety of the student, (who deeply conscious of having suffered the Muses to supersede the Graces) feels himself ill-qualified to cope with the bold pretensionless stripling in the *minutia* of the gay world; but whose society would be infinitely preferred to the obtrusive frivolity of his brainless opponent. It would be invidious in us to evince a preference by any other mode than polite attention; and this should challenge the best efforts of the well-informed, whose sound judgment would soon expel the trifier from the field.

Society cannot be enjoyed with true gusto by other than a well-stored mind, for the intelligent will seek kindred spirits, in order that their treasures may not be uselessly dissipated; and that

they may be similarly recompensed in return: how hopeless would this expectation be rendered, did they resort to the illiterate or uninformed, whose pretensions are common place or sensual. Cultivation of intellect will be unavailing, unless attended to for the advantage or amusement of others, it must neither be neglected nor hoarded, for the diffusion of acquirements procures not merely respect and esteem, but the display of similar excellencies in return, and thus renders mutual gratification of the most prepossessing character. But if such results accrue from general society, far happier is the associating of nearer and dearer friends; how joyous the recognition of those we love and esteem accidentally amidst strangers; social chat speedily restores past events afresh to the imagination in all their natural vividness; occurrences, grave or gay, succeed each other in rapid continuity, beguiling us in turn of sighs or smiles, and cement a fresh enduring attachments or partialities. Memory summons at will the minutest particulars of events which may have required years to consummate; and not merely the events, but the sensations which accompanied them—and who will say that even grief may not be delicious, with a valued friend at hand to pour in the balm of consolation—a friend whose heart may throb in unison with your own, and on whose affectionate disposition and kindly offices you can confidently rely in every exigence.

These and a thousand other advantages are contingent on society; there are some evils to avoid, it is true, but what they are, a sound discretion will readily discriminate; slander and detraction are perhaps the most prevalent, but these hateful qualities will be shunned by a mind trained for rational enjoyment; compassionate regret will deaden their influence, which will be superseded by liberal and enlightened sentiments, on whatever topics the imagination may present for discussion.

That solid acquirement, and its cheerful and graceful diffusion may be the qualification of every reader of your very interesting publication, is the sincere wish of your obliged

JANET.

January 31, 1834.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### DERVISHES.

WE took boat one afternoon, with two English gentlemen, for Scutari, to see

the howling Dervishes. The Mosque was very plain; having taken our seats in the gallery, we waited for some time, while the Dervishes were engaged in drinking, as our guard, a captain of the Janizaries, informed us, to excite themselves to go through the strange exhibition that followed. A young man of the order then mounted on a flight of steps without the door, and summoned, in a very loud and mournful voice, for nearly half an hour, the faithful to attend. The Dervishes all entered, and, ranged in a long line, began to rock their bodies to and fro in simultaneous movement. But this motion soon became more rapid, and Alla and Mohammed, at first pronounced in a low and sad tone, burst from their lips with violence. They then all threw off their outer garments, sprang from the ground, and threw their arms furiously about. As their imaginations became more heated, some stripped themselves nearly naked, others foamed at the mouth; one or two old men, exhausted, sunk on the ground, and the cries of God and the Prophet might be heard afar off. It was a singular spectacle of enthusiasm and hypocrisy combined; but what ensued was more disgusting, for they took red-hot irons and applied them to their legs and feet, and other parts of their bodies, still howling out amidst their pain the name of the Eternal, in whose honour, they would have their credulous assembly believe, they suffered all this. A great part of the Dervishes are notorious libertines and profligates, as the better informed Turks are often heard to call them. They consist of various orders; some live in monasteries, others lead a wandering life through different parts of the empire, chiefly subsisting on the hospitality of the faithful. In the island of Cyprus I met with a young Dervise of this kind; his features were fair and effeminate, and his long hair fell in ringlets on his neck and bosom; on the latter he wore several pieces of stained glass, fancifully disposed; his appearance betokened any thing but devotion. Others are to be seen roving about with thick dishevelled hair, wild looks, and half naked; these profess poverty and self-denial, and are held most in reverence by the people. Many of these men, however, are sincere teachers and examples of their religion, and lead the life of pilgrims, or fix on some secluded spot, where they live abstemiously, and repay with their counsels the simple presents of the people. The most eminent of them are termed Santons, and have handsome monuments built on their graves in the shade of trees, which are ever after regarded

with peculiar veneration.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

### FAST OF RAMADAN.—TURKISH MOSQUES.

THE fast of Ramadan, at Constantinople, is as rigidly kept as that of the Jews: the Turk finds it severe enough to remain from one sun-set to the next without a morsel; then coffee and his pipe are indeed his solace, for these are permitted. With what tumultuous joy did the believers deport themselves in a coffee-house not far from the English palace. They danced wildly in groups to the sound of the guitar and tambour, embraced one another as they talked of the night near at hand, when the first appearance of the new moon should announce that Ramadan was over, and Beiram was begun. It came at last; on that night every minaret of the grand mosques was illumined from top to bottom with innumerable rows of lamps. You could distinguish those of Achmed, Suleimanieh, and St. Sophia; it was a peculiar and splendid sight; and the vast city and its people seemed to be hushed in the stillness of midnight, waiting for the signal of festivity. The Imams from the tops of the highest minarets eagerly bent their looks to catch the first glimpse of the new moon; the moment it was perceived, loud and joyful shouts, which spread instantly all over the city, announced that the hour of indulgence was come, and full compensation for all their denials. It was really pleasing to observe, the next day, the looks of kindness and almost fraternal feeling which they cast on each other. The poor man is often seen at this period to take the hand, and kiss the cheek of the rich and haughty, who returns the salutation as to his equal, a brother in the glorious faith of their Prophet, a heir alike to the privileges of his paradise. Delight was pictured in every countenance; every one put on his finest apparel, and the sound of music was heard on every side, mingled with songs in honour of their religion. We are too apt to divest the Turks of domestic virtues, yet one cannot but be struck with their extreme fondness for their children; beautiful beings they often are, beyond those of any other country. In Damascus, I have many times stopped in the streets to gaze at children of six or eight years of age, whose extreme loveliness it was impossible not to admire; and afterwards in Tripolitza, I cannot forget how the love of a Turkish lady to her two youngest children, risked the murder of herself,



her son and daughter, and her most intimate friend. The population of Constantinople has been much overrated; according to General Sebastiani's calculation, while he was ambassador, it does not exceed four hundred thousand; and the suburbs of Pera, Galata, Scutari, &c. with the line of villages along the shores of the Bosphorus, contain eight hundred thousand more. A considerable part of the ground the city covers is taken up with gardens. The areas of the mosques are generally planted with trees, and a fountain, sometimes richly ornamented, stands at the entrance, for a Turk seldom enters without first washing his feet, and, laying aside his shoes, he treads in his soft slippers. The solemnity of this people at their devotions is very striking; whether in the mosque or in the open air, they appear entirely abstracted from all around; and you would think from the expression of their features, that the spirit and the senses were alike devoted to this sacred duty; they are generally silent, save that the sound of Alla, pronounced in a low and humble tone, is often heard. The mosques are in general unadorned, and the architecture quite simple; the name of God and passages from the Koran are inscribed in gold letters on the walls. A lofty corridor goes all round the interior of the building; the circular space in the middle, where the pulpit of the Imaun stands, is lighted by a dome at the top. The assembly range themselves beneath the corridor on mats and carpets; the greater part of the time is occupied in prayer.—*Ibid.*

#### TURKISH WOMEN.

THE condition of the women in Turkey has little resemblance to slavery, and the pity given to it by Europeans has its source more in imagination than reality. From their naturally retired and indolent habits, they care less about exercise in the open air than ourselves. They are very fond of the bath, where large parties of them frequently meet and spend the greater part of the day, displaying their rich dresses to each other, conversing, and taking refreshments. From this practice, and the little exposure to the sun, the Turkish ladies have often an exquisite delicacy of complexion. They often sail in their pleasure-boats to various parts of the Bosphorus, or walk veiled to the favourite promenades near the cemetery, or in the gardens of Dolma Batcke, with their attendants; and they sometimes walk disguised through the streets of the city, without any observation. The government of an English wife over her

own household does not equal that of the Turkish, which is absolute, the husband scarcely ever interfering in the domestic arrangements, and in case of a divorce her portion is always given up.—*Ibid.*

#### OPIMUM EATERS.

THE practice of eating opium does not appear to be so general with the Turks as is commonly believed. But there is a set of people at Constantinople devoted to this drug; and the Theriakia, as they are called, have that hollow and livid aspect, the fixed dulness of the eye at one time, or the unnatural brightness at another, which tell too plainly of this destructive habit. They seldom live beyond thirty; lose all appetite for food; and as their strength wastes, the craving for the vivid excitement of opium increases. It is useless to warn a Theriakiee that he is hurrying to the grave. He comes in the morning to a large coffee-house, a well-known resort for this purpose, close to the superb mosque of Suleimanieh. Having swallowed his pill, he seats himself in the portico in front, which is shaded by trees. He has no wish to change his position, for motion would disturb his happiness, which he will tell you is indescribable. Then the most wild and blisful reveries come crowding on him. His gaze fixed on the river beneath, covered with the sails of every nation; on the majestic shores of Asia opposite, or vacantly raised where the gilded minarets of Suleimanieh ascend on high: if external objects heighten, as is allowed, the illusions of opium, the Turk is privileged. There, till the sun sets on the scene, the Theriakiee revels in love, in splendour, or pride. He sees the beauties of Circassia striving whose charms shall most delight him; the Ottoman fleet sails beneath his flag as the Captain Pacha: or seated in the divan, turbaned heads are bowed before him, and voices hail the favoured of Alla and the Sultan. But evening comes, and he awakes to a sense of wretchedness and helplessness, to a gnawing hunger which is an effect of his vice; and hurries home, to suffer till the morning sun calls him to his paradise again.—*Ibid.*

#### ANECDOTES OF THE DOG.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

I WAS once at the farm of Shorthope, on Ettrick head, receiving some lambs that I had bought, and was going to take to market, with some more, the next day. Owing to some accidental delay, I did not get final delivery of the lambs till it

was growing late; and being obliged to be at my own house that night, I was not a little dismayed lest I should scatter and lose my lambs, if darkness overtook me. Darkness did overtake me by the time I got half way, and no ordinary darkness for an August evening. The lambs having been weaned that day, and of the wild black-faced breed, became exceedingly unruly, and for a good while I lost hopes of mastering them. Hector managed the point, and we got them safe home; but both he and his master were alike sore forefoughten. It had become so dark, that we were obliged to fold them with candles; and after closing them safely up, I went home with my father and the rest to supper. When Hector's supper was set down, behold he was wanting; and as I knew we had him at the fold, which was within call of the house, I went out, and called and whistled on him for a good while, but he did not make his appearance. I was distressed about this; for, having to take away the lambs next morning, I knew I could not drive them a mile without my dog, if it had been to save me the whole drove.

The next morning, as soon as it was day, I arose and inquired if Hector had come home. No; he had not been seen. I knew not what to do; but my father proposed that he would take out the lambs and herd them, and let them get some meat to fit them for the road; and that I should ride with all speed to Bowerhope, to see if my dog had gone back there. Accordingly, we went together to the fold to turn out the lambs, and there was poor Hector sitting trembling in the very middle of the fold door, on the inside of the flake that closed it, with his eyes still steadfastly fixed on the lambs. He had been so hardly set with them after it grew dark, that he durst not for his life leave them, although hungry, fatigued, and cold; for the night had turned out a deluge of rain. He had never so much as lain down, for only the small spot that he sat on was dry, and there had he kept watch the whole night. Almost any other colley would have discerned that the lambs were safe enough in the fold, but honest Hector had not been able to see through this. He even refused to take my word for it, for he durst not quit his watch though he heard me calling both at night and morning.

It cannot be supposed that he could understand all that was passing in the little family circle, but he certainly comprehended a good part of it. In particular, it was very easy to discover that he truly missed aught that was said about himself, the sheep, the cat, or of a hunt.

When aught of that nature came to be discussed, Hector's attention and impatience soon became manifest. There was one winter evening, I said to my mother that I was going to Bowerhope for a fortnight, for that I had more conveniency for writing with Alexander Laidlaw, than at home; and I added, "But I will not take Hector with me, for he is constantly quarrelling with the rest of the dogs, singing music, or breeding some uproar."—"Na, na," quoth she, "leave Hector with me; I like aye best to have him at hame, poor fellow."

Those were all the words that passed. The next morning the waters were in a great flood, and I did not go away till after breakfast; but when the time came for tying up Hector, he was wanting.—"The d—'s in that beast," said I, "I will wager that he heard what we were saying yesternight, and has gone off for Bowerhope as soon as the door was opened this morning."

"If that that should really be the case, I'll think the beast no canny," said my mother.

The Yarrow was so large as to be quite impassable, so that I had to go up by St. Mary's Loch, and go across by the boat; and, on drawing near to Bowerhope, I soon perceived that matters had gone precisely as I suspected. Large as the Yarrow was, and it appeared impassable by any living creature, Hector had made his escape early in the morning, had swum the river, and was sitting, "like a drookit hen," on a knoll at the east end of the house, awaiting my arrival with great impatience. I had a great attachment to this animal, who, with a good deal of absurdity, joined all the amiable qualities of his species. He was rather of a small size, very rough and shagged, and not far from the colour of a fox.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### A MOTHER.

TO A YOUNG CHILD SMILING IN A DREAM.

MAY gazing angels ever keep,  
Strict charge around thy bed;  
And o'er those eyes now clos'd in sleep,  
Their shadowy pinions spread.

Sweet innocent! thy pleasing dreams  
With wearied Israel's vic;  
Rivers of milk and honey streams  
The Land of Promise nigh.

But, Oh! when reason's light shall shine  
And beauty's bud shall blow;  
Guide to thy steps may Faith divine,  
The real Canaan shew.



## Town-Hall, Bath.



THE Guildhall of the city of Bath was formerly in the centre of the High-street, but the Corporation finding its situation inconvenient, and its offices incommensurable, resolved on erecting a new building for the same purpose on the east side of the High-street; the first stone of which was laid on the 11th of February, 1768; but in consequence of the exorbitant demand made by the inhabitants for leases of the houses necessary for the object, a total stop was put to the building for some years, after the walls had been built to the height of fifteen feet.

In 1775 it was determined to complete the hall, but the first design was relinquished, and a new one adopted, which was made by Mr. Thomas Baldwin the Architect, and immediately carried into effect. This building, of which our engraving is an accurate view, is of the composite order; at each end is a wing fifty-two feet long, where the corn, poultry, fish, and vegetable markets are held. There is also a watch-house at one end, and a lock-up house at the other. The basement story of the hall is occupied by a noble kitchen and offices; the ground-floor consists of a vestibule, a justiciary room, with a drawing-room for the Mayor, and several other apartments for different officers. A grand staircase leads to the banquetting room, which is eighty feet long, forty wide, and thirty-one feet high. On the west side of this apartment is a council room. In the hall there is a curious relic of Roman antiquity, a head of Minerva which was dug up in Stall-street, in the year 1725.

Bath was a Roman city, and was then called *Aqua Salis-Fontes Calidi*. It is a corporate town 107 miles from London, and contains a population of 31,496 persons.

## THE LONGEST LAW-SUIT.

THE longest law-suit ever heard of in England, was between the heirs of Sir Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, on the one part, and the heirs of Lord Berkeley on the other, respecting certain possessions not far from Wotton-under-Edge, in the county of Gloucester. It commenced at the end of the reign of Edward IV. and was depending till the reign of James I., when a compromise took place, it having lasted above 120 years.

## A MISTAKE.

WHEN Mrs. Robinson published her *Sappho and Phaoon*, she wrote to Mr. Boden, the newspaper editor, in the following terms:—"Mrs. Robinson would thank her friend Boden for a dozen puffs for *Sappho and Phaoon*. By mistake of the two-penny post this note was delivered to Mr. Bowden the pastry cook in the Strand, who sent this answer: "Mr. Bowden's respectful compliments to Mrs. Robinson, shall be very happy to serve her, but as Mrs. R. is not a constant customer, he cannot send the puffs for the young folks without first receiving the money."

## Scientific Amusements.

No. I.

## ARITHMETICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PLATO said arithmetic and geometry were the two wings of the mathematician, by which he might soar to an almost indefinite height. If the comparison of Plato be continued, it may be asserted that arithmetic is the mathematician's right wing, because geometrical demonstrations would frequently afford but little satisfaction to the mind, if they could not be reduced to numerical relations; a circumstance which prevents the common practice of commencing mathematical pursuits with common arithmetic. The science itself presents an extensive field for speculation and curious research; but we shall confine ourselves to such things as are best calculated to excite the curiosity of young persons, who, when they find that a vast fund of amusement is within their reach, may be induced to put forth their native energies, in pursuit of the useful and important, as well as the light and amusing.

They, it will be admitted, have been peculiarly happy who have successfully combined instruction with relaxation, and who have contrived to teach important truths under the semblance of diversion.

Sometimes persons are, for a moment, put to a stand by problems the most simple and amusing, though they are themselves deeply versed in science, because they have not been accustomed to think upon subjects which, perhaps, appeared too trifling to engage their thought. The solution, however, must depend upon elementary calculation, the natural properties of certain bodies, or arithmetical combinations. The sagacity and pretended knowledge of the person who proposed them are subjects of admiration, though nothing is easier than to understand and to execute what excites our astonishment, and with a little consideration things still greater.

Puzzling questions have, at all times, formed a part of the amusements of the most polished nations; and they have been received with avidity, even by young persons, when presented under the agreeable form of an enigma of recreation; and it may be affirmed, judging from experience and facts, that we are sometimes conducted to the higher parts of abstract studies, by the flowery path of experiments, which we, at first, considered as objects of mere curiosity.

We are always gratified when we overcome an obstacle, and comprehend a difficulty that has checked the progress of others, or have unveiled a mystery concealed from persons possessed of apparently more penetration than ourselves. As a specimen of arithmetical recreations, we shall give what has been called a puzzle: it is a sort of toy that has induced many to learn the early and fundamental rules of arithmetic, who would unwillingly have applied to books or the slate.

The whole art of arithmetic, is comprehended, in all its various modifications, of the four rules, Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication and Division. And of these, addition and subtraction may be said to be fundamental, as multiplication and division are only short methods of addition and subtraction.

There have been various mechanical helps to the attainment of the early rules in arithmetic. Sir Samuel Morland, in the reign of Charles II., invented two arithmetical machines, of which he published an account, under the title of "The Description and Use of two Arithmetic Instruments; together with a short Treatise, explaining the ordinary Operations of Arithmetic," &c. presented to his Most Excellent Majesty, Charles II., by S. Morland, in 1662. This work is illustrated with twelve plates, in which the different parts of the machine are exhibited; and from these we learn, that the four rules above named are very readily worked, and, to use the author's own words, without charging the memory, disturbing the mind, or exposing the operations to any uncertainty. The machines referred to were manufactured and sold by Humphrey Adanson, in the Tower of London.

About thirty years ago, the present Earl Stanhope invented two machines for the like purposes as those for which Mr. Morland's were intended; and we have it upon unquestionable authority, that his lordship, when proposing a plan to parliament for the reduction of the national debt, actually verified the truth of all the calculations by means of these instruments. The smaller of the two machines, intended for addition and subtraction, is about the size of an octavo volume, and by means of dial plates and indices, moveable with a steel pin, the operations, to any extent, are performed with undeviating accuracy. The second, and by far the most curious instrument, is about half the size of a common table writing-desk. By this, problems in multiplication and division are solved, without the possibility of a mistake, by the simple revolution of a small winch. The mel-

tipler and multiplicand, in one case, and the divisor and dividend in the other, are first properly arranged; then, by turning the winch, the product or quotient is found. What appears very extraordinary to spectators, is, that in working sums in division, if the operator be inattentive to his business, and attempts to turn the handle a single revolution more than he ought, he is instantly admonished of his mistake by the sudden springing up of a small ivory ball.

The following tables have been denominated an arithmetical puzzle; we therefore present them with an explanation. They are, no doubt, familiar to many of our readers, but we trust they will still be acceptable.

(1.)	(2.)	(3.)	(4.)	(5.)	(6.)
1	2	4	8	16	32
5	3	5	9	17	33
6	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	16	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62

These columns of figures are to be written or pasted on slips of card-board, ivory, bone, &c., which are to be given into the hands of a person to fix upon a number, and having done so he returns the cards, and on which the number fixed on is found; and his friend tells him instantly, by addition, what number he has selected; this is done by adding together the top figures on the cards returned.

Example (1.) Suppose he fix on 19; then he will return the cards No. 2 and 5, because 16 will be found on those only;

and the top figures of those cards are 2 and 16, which added together give 18.

(2.) Suppose he fix on 41; then he will return No. 1, 4, and 6, and the top figures in these are 1, 8, and 32, = 41.

(3.) Suppose he fix on 58; then he will return No. 2, 4, 5, and 6, and the upper figures on these are, 2, 8, 16, 32, = 58.

For subtraction, the method is equally obvious; and in this case, the cards are to be returned which have not the number; and the upper figures added together, and their sum subtracted from 63 (which is the sum of the top figures on all the cards), will give the number fixed on.

Example (1.) Suppose a person fix on 41, as above; then, for an exercise in subtraction, he will return the cards No. 2, 3, and 5, the top figures of which are 2, 4, and 16, = 22, and 22 taken from 63, leave 41.

(2.) Suppose he fix on 51; then he will return No. 3 and 4, the top figures of which are 4 and 8, = 12, and 12 from 63 give 51; and so of all other numbers.

## The Selector;

OR,

### CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

#### THE THREE HUNCHBACKS.

At a short distance from Donai, there stood a castle on the bank of a river near a bridge. The master of this castle was hunchbacked. Nature had exhausted her ingenuity in the formation of his whimsical figure. In place of understanding, she had given him an immense head, which nevertheless was lost between his two shoulders: he had thick hair, a short neck, and a horrible visage.

Spite of his deformity, this bugbear bethought himself of falling in love with a beautiful young woman, the daughter of a poor but respectable burgess of Donai. He sought her in marriage, and as he was the richest person in the district, the poor girl was delivered up to him. After the nuptials, he was as much an object of pity as she, for being devoured by jealousy, he had no tranquillity night or day, but went prying and rambling every where, and suffered no stranger to enter the castle.

One day, during the Christmas festival, while standing sentinel at his gate, he was accosted by three humpbacked minstrels. They saluted him as a brother, as such asked him for refreshments, and at the same time, to establish the fraternity,

they ostentatiously shouldered their humps at him. Contrary to expectation, he conducted them to his kitchen, gave them a cupon with peas, and to each a piece of money over and above. Before their departure, however, he warned them never to return, on pain of being thrown into the river. At this threat of the Chatelain the minstrels laughed heartily and took the road to the town, singing in full chorus, and dancing in a grotesque manner, in derision of their brother hump of the castle. He, on his part, without paying further attention, went to walk in the fields.

The lady, who saw her husband cross the bridge, and had heard the minstrels, called them back to amuse her. They had not been long returned to the castle, when her husband knocked at the gate, by which she and the minstrels were equally alarmed. Fortunately, the lady perceived in a neighbouring room three empty coffers. Into each of these she stuffed a minstrel, shut the covers, and then opened the gate to her husband. He had only come back to spy the conduct of his wife as usual, and, after a short stay, went out anew, at which you may believe his wife was not dissatisfied. She instantly ran to the coffers to release her prisoners, for night was approaching, and her husband would not probably be long absent. But what was her dismay when she found them all three suffocated! Lamentation, however, was useless. The main object now was to get rid of the dead bodies, and she had not a moment to lose. She ran then to the gate, and seeing a peasant go by, she offered him a reward of thirty livres; and, leading him into the castle, she took him to one of the coffers, and showing him its contents, told him he must throw the dead body into the river: he asked for a sack, put the carcass into it, pitched it over the bridge, and then returned quite out of breath to claim the promised reward.

"I certainly intended to satisfy you," said the lady, "but you ought first to fulfil the condition of the bargain—you have agreed to rid me of the dead body, have you not? There, however, it is still." Saying this, she showed him to the other coffer, in which the second humpbacked minstrel had expired. At this sight the clown was perfectly confounded—"how the devil! come back! a sorcerer!"—he then stuffed the body into the sack, and threw it, like the other over the bridge, taking care to put the head down and to observe that it sank.

Meanwhile the lady had again changed the position of the coffers, so that the third was now in the place which had been successively occupied by the two

others. When the peasant returned, she shewed him the remaining dead body:—"You are right, friend," said she, "he must be a magician, for there he is again." The rustic gnashed his teeth with rage. "What the devil! am I to do nothing but carry about this humpback?" He then lifted him up, with dreadful imprecations, and having tied a stone round the neck, threw him into the middle of the current, threatening, if he came out a third time to despatch him with a cudgel.

The first object that presented itself to the clown, on his way back for his reward, was the hunchbacked master of the castle returning from his evening walk, and making towards the gate. At this sight the peasant could no longer restrain his fury. "Dog of a humpback, are you there again?" So saying, he sprang on the Chatelain, threw him over his shoulders, and hurled him headlong into the river after the minstrels.

"I'll venture a wager you have not seen him this last time," said the peasant, entering the room where the lady was seated. She answered, she had not. "You were not far from it," replied he: "the sorcerer was already at the gate, but I have taken care of him—be at your ease—he will not come back now."

The lady instantly comprehended what had occurred, and recompensed the peasant with much satisfaction.—*Points of Humour, Part II.*

## ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

By JACOB JONES, Esq. JUN.

WREATH the lyre, O Britain! wreath it  
Darkly, with the cypress tree;  
And the tale of tears, Oh! breathe it  
To the saddest minstrelsy.

Never, since the sun, in glory,  
Leapt resplendent forth to life;  
In the annals of our story,  
In the records of our strife;  
Never did the blast of sorrow  
Fairer hopes condemn to fade;  
Nor the grief that knows no morrow,  
Cast o'er earth so wide a shade.

Little, when the bud was blighted,  
Deem'd we that the tree would fall;  
But the thunderbolt, that lighted,  
Smote the blossom, stem, and all—  
When the brave in battle perish,  
Swept untimely to the grave,  
Trophied urns their memories cherish;  
Such the record of the brave.

But when falls the wife and mother,  
Pride and hope of Britain's isle  
What can Britain's anguish moan?  
What regain her smile?  
*Fall of Constantinople and other Poems.*

## The Nobelist.

## MARTHA THE GIPSY.

(Concluded from our last.)

ASSISTANCE was promptly procured, and the wounded sufferers were carefully removed to their respective dwellings. Frederick Langdale's sufferings were much greater than those of his companion, and in addition to severe fractures of two of his limbs, the wound upon the head presented a most terrible appearance, and excited the greatest alarm in his medical attendants.

Mr. Harding, whose temperate course of life was greatly advantageous to his case, had suffered comparatively little: a simple fracture of the arm and dislocation of the collar-bone, (which was the extent of his misfortune,) were, by skilful treatment and implicit obedience to professional commands, soon pronounced in a state of improvement; but a wound had been inflicted which no doctor could heal. The conviction that the woman, whose anger he had incurred, had, if not the power of producing evil, at least a prophetic spirit, and that he had twice again to see her before the fulfilment of her prophecy, struck deep into his mind: and although he felt himself more at ease when he had communicated to Mrs. Harding the fact of having seen the Gipsy at the moment of the accident, it was impossible for him to rally from the shock which his nerves had received. It was in vain he tried to shake off the perpetual apprehension of again beholding her.

Frederick Langdale remained for some time in a very precarious state. All visitors were excluded from his room, and a wretched space of two months passed, during which his affectionate Maria had never been allowed to see him, nor to write to, nor to hear from him. While her constitution, like that of my poor Fanny Meadows, was gradually giving way to the constant operation of solicitude and sorrow.

Mr. Harding meanwhile recovered rapidly, but his spirits did not keep pace with his mending health: the dread he felt of quitting his house, the tremour excited in his breast by a knocking at the door, or the approach of a footstep, lest the intruder should be the basilisk Martha, were not to be described; and the appearance of his poor Maria did not tend to dissipate the gloom which hung over his mind. When Frederick at length was sufficiently recovered to receive visitors, Maria was not sufficiently well to

visit him; she was too rapidly sinking into an early grave, and even the physician himself appeared desirous of preparing her parents for the worst, while she, full of the symptomatic prospectiveness of the disease, talked anticipatorily of future happiness, when Frederick would be self-sufficiently re-established to visit her.

At length, however, the doctors suggested a change of air—a suggestion instantly attended to, but alas! too late; the weakness of the poor girl was such, that upon a trial of her strength it was found inexpedient to attempt her removal.

In this terrible state, separated from him whose all she was, did the exemplary patient linger, and life seemed flickering in her flushing cheek; and her eye was sunken and her parched lip quivered with pain.

It was at length agreed, that on the following day Frederick Langdale might be permitted to visit her—his varied fractures were reduced, and the wound on the head had assumed a favourable appearance. The carriage was ordered to convey him to the Hardings at one, and the physicians advised by all means, that Maria should be apprised of and prepared for the meeting, the day previous to its taking place. Those who are parents, and those alone, will be able to understand the tender solicitude, the wary caution with which both her father and mother proceeded in a disclosure, so important as the medical men thought, to her recovery—so careful that the coming joy should be imparted gradually to their suffering child, and that all the mischiefs resulting from an abrupt announcement should be avoided.

They sat down by her—spoke of Frederick—Maria joined in the conversation—raised herself in her bed—by degrees, hope was excited that she might soon again see him—this hope was gradually improved into certainty—the period at which it might occur spoken of—that period again progressively diminished: the anxious girl caught the whole truth—she knew it—she was conscious that she should behold him on the morrow—she burst into a flood of tears and sank down upon her pillow.

At that moment the bright sun, which was shining in all its splendour, beamed into the room, and fell strongly upon her flushed countenance.

"Draw the blind down, my love," said Mrs. Harding to her husband. Harding rose and proceeded to the window.

A shriek of horror burst from him—

"She is there!" exclaimed he.

"Who?" cried his astonished wife.

"She—she—the horrid she!"

Mrs. Harding ran to the window and beheld on the opposite side of the street, with her eyes fixed attentively on the house—**MARTHA THE GIPSY.**

"Draw down the blind, my love, and come away; pray come away," said Mrs. Harding.

Harding drew down the blind.

"What evil is at hand?" sobbed the agonized man.

A loud scream from Mrs. Harding, who had returned to the bed-side, was the horrid answer to his painful questions.

Maria was dead!

Twice of the thrice had he seen this dreadful fiend in human shape; each visitation was (as she had foretold) to surpass the preceding one, in its importance of horror.—What could surpass this?

Before the afflicted parents lay their innocent child stretched in the still sleep of death; neither of them believed it true—it seemed like a horrid dream. Harding was bewildered, and turned from the corpse of his beloved, to the window he had just left. Martha was gone—and he heard her singing a wild and joyous air at the other end of the street.

The servants were summoned—medical aid was called in—but it was all too late! and the wretched parents were doomed to mourn their loved, their lost Maria. George, her fond and affectionate brother, who was at Oxford, hastened from all the academic honours which were waiting him, to follow to her grave his beloved sister.

The effect upon Frederick Langdale was most dreadful, it was supposed that he would never recover from a shock so great, and at the moment so unexpected; for, although the delicacy of her constitution was a perpetual source of uneasiness and solicitude, still the immediate symptoms had taken rather a favourable turn during the last few days of her life, and had re-invigorated the hopes which those who so dearly loved her, entertained of her eventual recovery. Of this distressed young man I never indeed heard any thing, till about three years after, when I saw it announced in the papers that he was married to the only daughter of a rich west-country baronet, which, if I wanted to work out a proverb here, would afford me a most admirable opportunity of doing so.

The death of poor Maria, and the dread which her father entertained of the third visitation of Martha, made the most complete change in the affairs of the family. By the exertion of powerful interest, he obtained an appointment for his son to act as his deputy in the office which he

held, and having achieved this desired object, resolved on leaving England for a time, and quitting a neighbourhood where he must be perpetually exposed to the danger which he was now perfectly convinced was inseparable from his next interview with the weird woman.

George, of course, thus checked in his classical pursuits, left Oxford, and at the early age of nineteen commenced active official life, not certainly in the particular department which his mother had selected for his *début*; and it was somewhat observable, that the Langdales after the death of Maria, not only abstained from frequent intercourse with the Hardings, during their stay in England, but that the mighty professions of the purse-proud citizen dwindled by degrees into an absolute forgetfulness of any promise, even conditional, to exert an interest for their son.

Seeing this, Mr. Harding felt that he should act prudentially, by endeavouring to place his son, where, in the course of time, he might perhaps attain to that situation, from whose honourable revenue he could live like a gentleman and "settle comfortably."

All the arrangements which the kind father had proposed being made, the mourning couple proceeded on a lengthened tour of the Continent; and it was evident that his spirits mended rapidly when he felt conscious that his liability to encounter Martha was decreased. The sorrow of mourning was soothed and softened in the common course of Nature, and the quiet domesticated couple sat themselves down at Lausanne, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," except by their excellent and exemplary son, whose good qualities, it seems, had captivated a remarkably pretty girl, a neighbour of his, whose mother appeared to be equally charmed with the goodness of his income.

There appeared, strange to say, in this affair, no difficulties to be surmounted, no obstacles to be overcome; and the consent of the Hardings (requested in a letter, which also begged them to be present at the ceremony, if they were willing it should take place,) was presently obtained by George; and at the close of the second year, which had passed since their departure, the parents and son were again united in that house, the very sight of which recalled to their recollection their poor unhappy daughter and her melancholy fate, and which was still associated most painfully in the mind of Mr. Harding with the hated Gipsy.

The charm however had, no doubt, been broken. In the two past years



Martha was, doubtless, either dead, or gone from the neighbourhood. They were a wandering tribe—and thus Mrs. Harding checked the rising apprehensions and renewed uneasiness of her husband; and so well did she succeed, that when the wedding-day came, and the bells rang and the favours fluttered in the air, his countenance was lighted with smiles, and he kissed the glowing cheek of his new daughter-in-law with warmth, and something like happiness.

The wedding took place at that season of the year when friends and families meet jovially and harmoniously, when all little bickerings are forgotten, and when, by a general feeling founded upon religion and perpetuated by the memory of the blessing granted to the world by the Almighty, an universal amnesty is proclaimed; when the cheerful fire, and the teeming board announce that Christmas is come, and mirth and gratulation are the order of the day.

It unfortunately happened, however, that to the account of Miss Wilkinson's marriage with George Harding, I am not permitted, in truth, to add that they left town in a travelling carriage and four, to spend the honey-moon. Three or four days permitted absence from his office alone were devoted to the celebration of the nuptials, and it was agreed that the whole party, together with the younger branches of the Wilkinsons, their cousins and second cousins, &c. should meet on twelfth-night to celebrate in a juvenile party, the return of the bride and bridegroom to their home.

When that night came it was delightful to see the happy faces of the smiling youngsters; it was a pleasure to behold them pleased—a participation in which, since the highest amongst us, and the most accomplished prince in Europe annually evinces the gratification he feels in such sights, I am by no means disposed to disclaim. And merry was the jest, and gaily did the evening pass; and Mr. Harding, surrounded by his youthful guests, smiled, and for a season forgot his care: yet, as he glanced round the room he could not suppress a sigh, when he recollected that in that very room his darling Maria had entertained her little parties on the anniversary of the same day in former years.

Supper was announced early, and the gay throng bounded down stairs to the parlour, where an abundance of the luxuries of middling life crowded the board. In the centre appeared the great object of the feast—a huge twelfth-cake, and gilded kings and queens, stood lingering over circles of scarlet sweetmeats, and hearts

of sugar lay enshrined with warlike trophies of the same material.

Many and deep were the wounds the mighty cake received, and every guest watched with a deep anxiety the coming portion, relatively to the glittering splendour with which its frosted surface was adorned. Character-cards illustrated with pithy mottoes and quaint sayings, were distributed; and by one of those little frauds which such societies tolerate, Mr. Harding was announced as king, and the new bride as queen; and there was such charming joking, and such harmless merriment abounding, that he looked to his wife with an expression of content, which she had often but vainly sought to find upon his countenance since the death of his dear Maria.

Supper concluded, the clock struck twelve, and the elders looked as if it were time for the young ones to depart. One half-hour's grace was begged for by the "King," and granted; and Mrs. George Harding on this night was to sing them a song about "poor old maidens"—an ancient quaintness, which by custom and usage ever since she was a little child she had annually performed upon this anniversary; and, accordingly, the promise being claimed, silence was obtained, and she, with all that shew of tucker-heaving diffidence which is so becoming in a very pretty downy-cheeked girl, prepared to commence, when a noise, resembling that producible by the falling of an eight-and-forty pound shot, echoed through the house. It appeared to descend from the very top of the building down each flight of stairs, rapidly and violently. It passed the door of the room in which they were sitting, and rolled its impetuous course downwards to the basement. As it seemed to leave the parlour the door was forced open, as if by a gust of wind, and stood ajar.

All the children were in a moment on their feet, huddled close to their respective mothers in groups. Mrs. Harding rose and rang the bell to inquire the meaning of the uproar. Her daughter-in-law, pale as ashes, looked at George; but there was one of the party who moved not—who stirred not: it was the elder Harding, whose eyes first fixed steadfastly on the half-opened door, followed the course of the wall of the apartment to the fireplace;—there they rested.

When the servants came, they said they had heard the noise, but thought it proceeded from above. Harding looked at his wife; and then turning to the servant, observed carelessly, that it must have been some noise in the street, and desiring him to withdraw, intreated the

bride to pursue her song. She did; but the children had been too much alarmed to enjoy it, and the noise had in its character something so strange and so unearthly, that even the elders of the party, although bound not to admit any thing like apprehension before their offspring, felt glad when they found themselves at home.

When the guests were gone, and George's wife lighted her candle to retire to rest, her father-in-law kissed her affectionately, and prayed God to bless her. He then took a kind leave of his son, and putting up a fervent prayer for his happiness, pressed him to his heart, and bade him adieu with an earnestness, which, under the common-place circumstance of a temporary separation, was inexplicable to the young man.

When he reached his bed-room he spoke to his wife, and entreated her to prepare her mind for some great calamity.

"What it is to be," said Harding, "where the blow is to fall I know not; but it is impending over us this night!"

"My life!" exclaimed Mrs. Harding, "what fancy is this?"

"Eliza, love!" answered her husband, in a tone of unspeakable agony, "I have seen her for the third and last time!"

"Who?"

"MARTHA, THE GIPSY."

"Impossible!" said Mrs. Harding, "you have not left the house to day!"

"True, my beloved," replied the husband; "but I have seen her. When that tremendous noise was heard at supper, as the door was supernaturally opened, I saw her. She fixed those dreadful eyes of hers upon me; she proceeded to the fire-place, and stood in the midst of the children, and there she remained till the servant came in."

"My dearest husband," said Mrs. Harding, "this is but a disorder of the imagination!"

"Be it what it may," said he, "I have seen her. Human or superhuman—natural or supernatural—there she was. I shall not strive to argue upon a point where I am likely to meet with little credit; all I ask is, pray fervently, have faith, and we will hope the evil, whatever it is, may be averted."

He kissed his wife's cheek tenderly, and after a fitful feverish hour or two fell into a slumber.

From that slumber never woke he more. He was found dead in his bed in the morning!

"Whether the force of imagination, coupled with the unexpected noise, produced such an alarm as to rob him of life, I know not," said my communicant; "but he was dead."

This story was told me by my friend Ellis in walking from the city to Harley-street late in the evening; and when we came to this part of the history we were in Bedford-square, at the dark and dreary corner of it where Caroline-street joins it.

"And, there!" said Ellis, pointing downwards, "is the street where it all occurred!"

"Come, come," said I, "you tell the story well, but I suppose you do not expect it to be received as gospel."

"Faith," said he, "I know so much of it, that I was one of the party, and heard the noise."

"But you did not see the spectre?" cried I—"No," said Ellis, "I certainly did not."

"No," answered I, "nor any body else, I'll be sworn." A quick footstep was just then heard behind us—I turned half round to let the person pass, and saw a woman enveloped in a red cloak, whose sparkling black eyes, shone upon by the dim lustre of a lamp above her head, dazzled me.—I was startled—"Pray remember old MARTHA, THE GIPSY," said the hag.

It was like a thunder-stroke—I instantly slipped my hand into my pocket, and hastily gave her therefrom a five-shilling piece.

"Thanks, my bonny one, said the woman, and setting up a shout of contemptuous laughter, she bounded down Caroline-street, into Russell-street, singing, or rather yelling a joyous song.

Ellis did not speak during this scene—he pressed my arm tightly, and we quickened our pace. We said nothing to each other till we turned into Bedford-street, and the lights and passengers of Tottenham-court-road reassured us.

"What do you think of that?" said Ellis to me.

"SEEING IS BELIEVING," was my reply.

I have never passed that dark corner of Bedford-square in the evening since.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications intended for insertion this week are unavoidably postponed.

Numerous letters have reached us to which we cannot at present give answers. All letters inquiring after communications, should be particular in stating the subject and the signature.

The following are intended for insertion:—*J. R. C., J. D., J. E., Pasche, J. I. C., Street, Furness, O.—H., J. W. D., D. D., J. A. I. Jones*, with divers communications from our constant and well-known contributors.

*Ergos* is very stale. *Madness* has the joke.

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